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[EDITORIAL.]

It seems reasonable to suppose, in the
absence of any definite information, that
the fisheries' commission recently
appointed by Lord Salisbury, with Mr.
Joseph Chamberlain at its head, will have
power to do something more than
merely investigate grievances or confer
with Secretary Bayard or his repre-
sentatives upon matters that are per-
fectly patent to the reading public on
both sides of the water. Authority
will undoubtedly be given them to ar-
range terms looking to a final and am-
icable settlement of the whole vexed
question, by treaty or otherwise. The
retaliatory power which the President
is authorized to use, but which he has
thus far refrained from putting into
exercise, is a menace which the En-
glish government cannot afford to
treat with further indifference.

While the crops at the West have been
seriously affected by the drought, the
prospects in the South of full granaries
is exceptionally good. The yield of
corn the present year will exceed that
of last year by over fifty million
bushels. Nearly enough for home use
of this important cereal will be har-
vested, to the great pecuniary advan-
tage of the farmers. Tobacco has fallen
of somewhat, but it is expected that
increased price will make up for the
deficiency. The cotton crop will be a
large one. Further, a healthy business
activity is manifest throughout the
South. Among other projects, it is
proposed to undertake the construction
of iron steamships and to make the
Gulf the centre of an energetic industry
in this direction. The Birmingham
(Ala.) iron men believe that they can
furnish the necessary materials at a
cheaper figure than England can offer,
and a convention of the Gulf depart-
ment of the American Shipping and
Industrial League will be held at Bir-
mingham in November to consider what
can be done. Possibly Congress may
be willing to heed a call that comes
from this section, and consent to such
legislation as will give to the country
more a commercial marine. We are
pleased to note these signs of
healthful prosperity and progress "in
Dixie land."

Russia is exhausting her powers of in-
trigue to worry Ferdinand from his
throne. She operates through Turkey,
of course, because the Porte has the
authority, under the Treaty of Berlin,
to veto the election, and also because
she has Turkey at a disadvantage on
account of a large, unsettled war-in-
demnity. Accordingly the compliant
Porte has formally refused its sanction
to the act of the sovereign which called
Ferdinand to the throne. But Russia
is not content with this. She demands
now that the Porte shall supplant Fer-
dinand by appointing Gen. Ermoth
provisional governor of Bulgaria and
Eastern Rumelia until a new sovereign
shall elect an acceptable prince. The
Porte consents to this new demand,
which practically amounts to a joint oc-
cupation of the countries named, on the
part of Russia and Turkey—pro-
vided the powers will grant their con-
sent. It remains to be seen how Fer-
dinand will meet this direct invasion of
the rights conferred upon him by the
Bulgarian people. Of all the powers
Italy alone openly advocates his cause.
He may doubtless count on the secret
good wishes of Austria. If he pluckily
takes his stand, and resolves to main-
tain his position at all hazards, he may
win for himself recognition from other
powers. But the odds against him are
great, not merely because of Russian
hostility, but because the legality of his
election cannot now be maintained
without the abrogation of the Treaty of
Berlin.

Senator Dawes, with his sub-committee,
is unearthing a good deal of rascality
in the Turtle Mountain reservation in
Minnesota. We hope he will find time
to go to Colorado, and investigate the
recent "outbreak," which has been
so suddenly and mysteriously hushed
up. The execution of a civil process
by a sheriff and his posse was, appar-
ently, made the occasion to over-step
State limits, trespass upon reservation
limits, and exasperate and plunder the
Indians. Then came the usual outcry
of an Indian "uprising," and sensa-
tional stories of settlers fleeing for their
lives, and a call for troops, and a bloody
attack upon some unoffending Utes en-
gaged upon a peaceful hunting expedi-
tion. The cowboys, meantime, took
the opportunity of running off 300
horses belonging to the band which the
sheriff was pursuing, and 2,000 sheep,
besides large herds of goats. A prompt
and peremptory dispatch from Wash-
ington, we are thankful to learn, caused
the restoration of this stolen property,
banished trespassers from the reserva-

tion and gave to the State authorities
of Colorado a much-needed lesson. A
fresh reason is here afforded for urgency
in carrying out the provisions of that
excellent bill which allots lands in
severalty and confers upon the Indians
accepting them the rights of citizen-
ship.

It is impossible to estimate the impor-
tance—religious as well as commercial—
of the final surrender of Chinese
conservatism to western solicitation, in
the matter of railroads and other in-
ternal improvements. For centuries
the eighteen provinces of China, each
under its viceroy, has acknowledged
scarcely any cohering tie—the very
dialect spoken in the cities even, being
almost unintelligible beyond their lim-
its. Over all the country has hung the
black shadow of ancestral worship;
and the omnipresent coffin—not buried
and arranged in cemeteries as we
have, but dropped upon the soil wherever
funerary rites indicated—has effectively
protested against any invasion of the
iron rail. But all this isolation and
superstition are now to give way.
During the late war between France
and China, when Peking was threatened,
Li Hung Chang significantly reminded
the authorities that, had they listened
to his recommendations and built rail-
ways, troops could be quickly trans-
ported from the southern provinces to
defend the capital. The authorities
are now converted to his view. China
has a modern and very effective navy—
mostly built in England. She has
some splendidly-equipped arsenals. She
has the telegraph. She has several
lines of steamships. All these, how-
ever, fail to affect the interior of the
country. Nothing but the railroad can
change that. But when the iron bands
traverse the great empire, then the na-
tion will awaken, as did India, and be-
come coherent; the dialects will give
place to a national form of speech;
funerary rites will lose its terror; Chris-
tianity and civilization will have free
course; and the great nation will enter
upon a line of development which will
sooner or later lift her, as Gen.
Gordon predicted, to supremacy in the
East.

That this country secures the exclu-
sive right to construct railways, oper-
ate telegraphs, telephones, etc., in
China over all foreign capitalists—En-
glish, French and German, which have
for years exhausted every means in their
power to obtain this concession—is un-
doubtedly largely due to the quiet but
persistent efforts of our U. S. minister,
Col. Charles Denby, who has won for
himself, and justly so, a high place in
the confidence of the court at Peking.
The syndicate which is to control and
develop this important privilege is rep-
resented by Mr. Wharton Barker, of
Philadelphia. An international bank is
to be established, probably in Shang-
hai, the capital to be furnished by both
Chinese and Americans, to the amount
of fifty million dollars. This bank
will be organized under an imperial
charter, and will represent the financial
basis of the whole enterprise, and in-
deed, the public credit of the empire.
Among other powers to be conferred
upon it will be that of coining money,
displacing, it is to be hoped, the cur-
rent Mexican dollar and the ridiculous
cash, by a stamp worthy of the realm.
The impetus, of course, to all our great
industries by the opening of this new
and vast market will be great.

FINAL ECHOES FROM CHAUTAUQUA.

Our extracts are taken from the
Assembly Herald. The first selection is
a parenthetical paragraph from the
very striking lecture of Rev. J. M. King,
D. D., on "A Chapter in Modern His-
tory" (the downfall of Napoleon III).
He traces a description of what he
saw in the cemetery of Père la Chaise,
Paris, as follows:—
"Wherever you move, the cemeteries tell
the character of a people as well, perhaps, as
any index. The first change I served had
seven appointments. I drove up one morning
to one of these seven cathedrals, an appoint-
ment of the kind where two or three men have
the control of everything. It stood in the
midst of a burying-ground. The tombstones
were pointed in every conceivable direction.
Thistles and mullein were growing in the
midst of this grave-yard, and sheep and cattle
were pasturing there. And I said to myself,
"O Lord, there is no chance for grace here,
where people will pasture their cattle and
sheep on the graves of their ancestors." I say
to you as a historic fact, there was not a soul
converted in that church until they straight-
ened the tombstones, pulled up the thistles
and mullein, and straightened up the grave-
yard. Then God blessed a self-respecting
people."

From Prof. G. H. Horswell's lecture
on "The Influence of Stoicism upon the
Intellectual and Moral Progress of
Mankind," we take the concluding
paragraph:—
"This we conceive to be at once the weakness
and the strength of the system. It was strong
in its lesson of absolute submission to a higher
power, weak in the wavering uncertainty of
the object of its obedience. It awakened a
sense of need which it was itself inadequate to
supply; yet it was able to teach men to rise
superior to the pleasures of sense, and to
find up the mind to pursue the good, the beau-
tiful and the true." It smothered the affec-
tions and the emotions, it allowed no pity,
no leniency, no indulgence, and yet its control
of passion was majestic, and its serenity of soul
sublime. It was a religion without a revela-
tion, a gospel without good news; its faith
was but fatalism, and its ultimate goal but a

refined selfishness; yet it made Cato another
name for uncompromising manhood, and
Marcus Aurelius a reproach to Christian
kings.

"Our Country, Its Possibilities and
Its Perils," was discussed by John De
Witt Miller. Among the hopeful
things he mentions home-love.

Another thing that makes me hopeful is our
territorial extent. If you want to get along
with people who must give them homes. So
long as they are unsettled they are unsatisfied
and unsafe. John Howard Payne was not a
remarkable poet; he never had the fervid
patriotism of Whittier, the mellifluous flow
of Longfellow, nor the knowledge of nature of
Bryant, but he did write one poem that has
such a place in our affections that our feeling
was strong enough to lead us to dig out his
bones from that spot in eastern soil where
they had been buried, and deposit them
almost in reach of the shadow of the nation's
capitol. The man who wrote "Home, sweet
home," was himself without one. You re-
member that mournful night when in an eastern
city he walked the street and chanced to
kiss by a corner. He saw through a window
a young lady rise and go to the instrument
and play "Home, sweet home," he never so
humble there is no place like home, "while the
author of the song shivered, homeless, in the
winter blast outside. The trouble in Germany
is that the people have no homes. Our tem-
perance friends have a motto, "For God, and
home, and native land," supposing it were to
read, "For God, a hired house and native
land." It would take all the sentiment out of
it. Your home, that is the ideal. An Irish-
man comes over here, and what does he do?
He buys three-quarters of an acre of land. It
does not go very far to the north or south or
west, but he has a pure domestic home. He
has the cow in one corner, the pigs in another
and the chickens up stairs. It is a simple pure
democratic home, but it is a home. The sta-
bility of the government depends on the num-
ber of people interested in its stability. There
is no motive by which you so anchor the mo-
tives of the people of a country as by giving
them land and a home. Look at the land we
possess. Take England and Ireland and
Wales; tumble them into Texas and send an
exploring expedition after them, and you will
not get a cent of them for fifty years. We
have an endless amount of land. God has
done large things for us physically. A Yankee
and an Englishman were talking about the
Thames and the Mississippi rivers; and the
Yankee said that the Thames was not large
enough to make a gargle for the mouth of the
Mississippi. We have untold acres of as fair
land as God's ever shone upon, waiting for
intelligence and worth from the ends of the
earth.

Few speakers made a more profound
impression upon the Chautauqua audi-
ence than did Mrs. M. T. Lathrop on
"The Temperance Question." Our
readers will judge of the quality of
her address by the following exam-
ple:—

I do not know what you may think of
the woman's crusade, but let me say as a woman
who stood inside of it that the womanhood of
this nation never laid such a tribute at the
feet of its manhood as they did in the woman's
crusade. If you want to find out what a
boy is worth go and ask his mother. By the
time she goes into the jaws of death to give
him birth and then puts into him her hands of
love and her nights of care, and he stands be-
fore her strong, and clean, and tall at twenty-
one, she can tell you what he is worth from
the crown of his head to the soles of his feet;
and when the legalized drug shop takes hold
of him, and tears him down like a tree, and
puts out his eyes, and she is used to
kiss, and crushes out his mother's hopes, it is
no wonder she makes outcry. If you want
to know what a home is worth go and ask a
loving woman who has kept herself as pure
as God's lilies from her marriage day, when,
with a great shine in her eyes, she puts her
self over into the hands of one man, for bet-
ter or for worse, for richer or for poorer, un-
til life's end. And when the drug shop with
its fearful curse crosses the threshold of the
home they built together and takes down their
strong tower of hope, stone by stone, and de-
grades the father of her children, it is no
wonder woman makes outcry.

What was the woman's crusade? It was a
long smothered sob breaking into a cry; it
was a midnight prayer coming abroad at
noon-day. You men sometimes say to us as
we stand in places like this, "Home is your
kingdom." We do not dispute it. We know
it better than you know it. But it was our
kingdom that was outraged. You say to us,
standing ballistics and defenses before this
vampire of our civilization, "You do not need
the ballot; we defend you by love and by
law." Do you? When for eighty-five years
by well-defined license legislation motherhood
has been uncrowned and her children slain by
law, and you have made no protest against it.
You have talked about it in religious meet-
ings; you have prayed about it in prayer-
meeting; but when it came to the sweep of
empire in the ballot-box and in political or-
ganizations, you have made no protest. Oh,
men, I do not believe a civilization is worth
much that cannot protect its women and its
babies. And, grand as you are, and strong as
you are, and true as you are, you will never
be able to protect your women and your chil-
dren and the drug shop at the same time.
Oh, in shame, in very shame; either get up
and strike down this enemy of the home and
of wifehood and of childhood, or else put the
ballot into the hands of your women for their
own protection.

Prof. Noah K. Davis closed an elabo-
rate lecture on the "Relations of
Mind and Brain" as follows:—
Mind and brain are two distinct substances,
having almost no quality and no law in com-
mon, yet in our present state they are so con-
nected and correlated that neither is capable
of its function without the other, actual con-
sciousness being known to us only in this con-
crete relation. In sense-perception, or in the
presentation of consciousness in general, the
cerebral or sensorial excitement is the cause
of the mental excitement; for in this case I
am consciously a patient. In voluntary mem-
ory, imagination, and thought, or the repre-
sentative consciousness, the mental is the
cause of the sensorial excitement; for in this
case I am consciously the agent. The senso-
rial, then, is the place where physical force
directly causes certain states of conscious-

ness, and where mental energy enters the
physical sphere.

The soul cannot be assigned to any bodily
organ as its seat. The famous expression
"seat of the soul" is utterly meaningless to
any but a materialist. Locality can no more
be attributed to mind than extension; either
reduces mind to space. To ask where the
soul is, or to say that it is here, or there,
or that it pervades the brain, or the nervous
system, is sheer nonsense. If it has place,
either it is a mathematical point, or it has
shape, divisibility and size; length, breadth and
thickness, in short, is matter. Hamilton says
very rightly: "It has not always been no-
ticed even by those who deem themselves the
chosen champions of the immateriality of the
mind, that we materialize mind when we
attribute to it the relations of matter. Thus
we cannot attribute a local seat to the soul,
without clothing it with the material proper-
ties of extension and place, and those who
suppose this seat to be but a point only aggra-
vate the difficulty."

Nobler words have rarely been ut-
tered than those spoken by Mrs. Mary
A. Livermore in her lecture on "Hus-
bands and Wives."

The views of marriage that prevail among
too many, anger ill for the perpetuity of our
republic, for a nation is not made by its navy
or army, its culture or education, but by its
men and its women, and nations always rest
upon homes. These are what give tone to
the country. If, therefore, the homes of our na-
tion are the highest and the best, then we have
only before us a royal future. If they are oth-
erwise, then we have a very different outlook.
I would make marriage what the Catholic
church calls it, but does not make it, a sacra-
ment. I would have the young man woo his
wife as Pygmalion wooed his statue which his
own hands had wrought. He asked of the
gods a wife like unto the statue. The answer
was: "Make thyself worthy, and thy prayer
shall be granted." He tried to do this, and
went again and said, "Am I not now worthy
of the wife you have promised me?" He
pressed his lips to the cold lips of the statue.
And lo, the marble throbbed, the blood ran
down the veins, the eyes opened and smiled
into his, the lips parted, smiled upon him
and said, "I am thy wife, and thy pure, holy,
manly affection hath evoked life into the
marble statue that thine own hands have
cut."

It is only a graceful tale of the old Greek
mythology, but it has been a verity in the
lives of hundreds of women, who by the holy
living, by the reverent love of noble husbands
have been lifted up out of the darkness and
coldness, compared to which their former life
was death. I would have such a marriage as
was that of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. I
would have the marriage to be like that of
Aurelian to Zenobia, not walking with manacled
hands and downcast eyelids, but a willing
captivity, sitting on the seat beside the con-
queror, his equal, and the banner over them
not the cruel eagles of Rome, but the banner
of love.

When husbands shall carry themselves to
their wives with the pure and true love,
standing upon the white height of chastity,
they shall demand of their wives, and there
abide forever, practicing self-control and
self-control, as they demand of all women,
believe me women will step out from behind
the masks that have hidden them through all
ages, and match men in the grandeur of their
living, and the depth of their tenderness,
and the strength of their attachment.
Then they shall build a home whose pillars
reach to heaven. Then shall a staid, old
couple again to man, and the children trooping
about them have for their training such divi-
nities as the old world never saw reigning on
old Olympus.

OLD ENGLAND.

BY REV. GIDEON DRAPE, D. D.

To the traveler from the new world
the old has a peculiar fascination. This
sentiment may receive gratification in
England. With the venerable in
British metropolis the reader is famil-
iar; but all through the country, far
away from the common routes of
travel, in wayside nooks, there are
richer ruins of castle, abbey, church,
that invest the land with a peculiar
charm. Such localities are well-nigh
countless in number. A journey of
leisure throughout England would
amply repay the seeker of health, and
at the same time, of the beautiful and
historic.

And so for weeks I am housed in
Chepstow, Monmouthshire, near the
confluence of the Wye and Severn. The
valleys of these rivers are rich in
beauty, and rich in ruins. Just
across the street is Chepstow Castle.
Great in extent, picturesque and grand.
It dates from the Norman conquest. In
the eleventh century. Opposite is the
still more ancient ford of the Wye,
where Saxons and Danes used to meet
for barter. It was neutral ground in
those days of eternal war. Two miles
away is Mather Church, dating from
the year 600. This is ante-dated by
Roman ruins in the vicinity. In an
ancient village in another direction
there is the following inscription, from
the sixteenth century, upon the gate of
the churchyard:—

"If here on Sunday you are caught playing
ball,
It may be before Monday the devil will
catch you all."

Five miles distant is Tintern Abbey,
alleged to be the most perfect ruin in
Europe. It is beautiful and picturesque
in the extreme, situated in a rich, fer-
tile vale on the winding Wye. The
most prominent, however, in the entire
region is Raglan Castle. It dates back
from an ancient village in the
neighborhood. It has played an active
part in the wars of the centuries. Two
of its early occupants were in the battle
of Agincourt with Henry V., were both
wounded and knighted while in the
agonies of death. It furnished a tem-

porary refuge for Charles I. after the
battle of Naseby in 1645. The location
is charming—on an elevation of
ground, with a magnificent sweep of
characteristic English landscape, hill
and dale, fertile fields, verdant roads,
one vast amphitheatre of park.

The citadel, of the earliest period, is
Norman. It illustrates history of the
olden time. Families who had parcels
of the realm given them by the Norman
conqueror, erected fortis for safety, keep-
ing in subjection the subdued natives,
who privately murdered their usurpers
whenever opportunity offered. In its
splendor the entire building was un-
surpassed in England. The tower ex-
celled all rivals. It is hexagonal, each
of the six sides thirty-two feet in length,
the thickness of wall ten feet, and the
height five stories. It was joined to the
castle by an elegant, arched bridge with
turrets and battlements, over a deep
moat thirty feet in breadth. The
courts, halls, chapel and various apart-
ments, in various states of preservation,
the ivy-covered, make an outer circumfer-
ence of one-third of a mile. It was like
a town within walls, and could main-
tain, as it did, many hundreds.

The baronial hall is immense, the
ancient fire-place ten feet long by eight
feet high. The grand terrace is most
imposing; while arbors, fountains, fish-
ponds added to the beauty within, and
a well-stocked deer-park and forests of
oak and elm enhanced the attractions
without.

The Castle is a place of great public
resort. It is thrown open to the public
on the payment of a small fee. There
are opportunities to refresh the outer
man as well as to revive the memories
of the inner. It is a pre-eminently sac-
red shrine for student pilgrims. Raglan
has a connection with modern war.
It is the possession of the Duke of
Beaufort. A younger son of a former
duke was Lord Raglan, who commanded
the forces of her majesty during the
Crimean War. At its termination he
was presented with a fine property,
three miles from the Castle, and with
an annuity of 70,000 pounds. European
governments royally reward the mili-
tary hero. A grandson—the present
Lord Raglan—occupies the mansion.

The Duke of Beaufort is the en-
vied possessor of Chepstow Castle, Tintern
Abbey and Raglan Castle. He is chiefly
distinguished on the turf, his principal
amusement and highest purpose in life
seeming to be horse-racing. Men of
high degree will condescend to things
of low estate. An English proverb has
it, "that on the turf and under it all men
are equal." The only two places in En-
gland where equality obtains.

The Wesleyan chapel, by the side of
sister chapels, finds a place in Chepstow
under the chilling shadows of the
church. The pioneer preacher was high
of stature. The low-ceilinged cottage did
not suffice. The old-time clock was
removed from its place in the hole in
the floor that accommodated it, the
preacher took his stand in its place, and
this was the beginning of Methodism
in this rural town nearly a century ago.
They are a feeble folk and the work is
disheartening.

Let not the Methodist itinerant in the
new world envy his ministerial brother
across the Atlantic. A sojourn here
increases the thankfulness for religious
equality and for the absence of caste
and class.

CHAUTAUQUA.

BY A. M. H.

Chautauqua has written fifty-eight
days in this year's chronicle, sixty lec-
tures have appeared on the platform,
while lectures and entertainments have
reached nearly two hundred in number.
Dividing by two and writing only of the
second and last of the Assembly,
it still seems that half of the half
can never be told.

The Herald comes daily and consol-
ingly to those who may mourn the price
of the season ticket, assuring them that
with \$5 they have bought \$98 worth of
lecture tickets. A mercenary view,
though, hardly has to be presented to
the average Chautauquan, for he has
learned that he can get here what money
could not buy from him.

If public appreciation increases in
the ratio it has in the past, it will be ne-
cessary to pull down the buildings and
build greater. Seats have been taxed,
standing-room has been at a premium,
and many a late-comer has gone away,
wishing he were in some other man's
shoes or seat. This is doubly true on
big days, and big days are growing to
be the exception that prove the rule.
There is Labor Reform Day, and Grand
Army Day, Denominational Day, Re-
cognition Day, Memorial Sunday and
Baccalaureate Sunday.

Recognition Day, the day of days to
C. L. S. C.'s, is fast becoming the day at
Chautauqua. Dawning fair and cool, it
dispelled all anxious forebodings. C.
L. S. C.'s were early to the front, show-
ing their colors, while those in the back-
ground could only ask, "What is life
without a badge?" At nine o'clock the
keys of the Golden Gate were surren-
dered to the messenger, the band struck
up a lively march, and the procession
began to wend its way to the "Hall in
the Grove." By ten it had reached the
gate and the "Pansies," the class of '87,
passed under the arches and into the
grove. No dusty pathway now for '87.
Little floral misses strew flowers for

them to walk on as the hymn of greet-
ing comes through the trees:
"Sing praises over the Past!
Farewell, farewell to the Old!
All hail, all hail to the New!"

After the formal recognition of the
new class, again the procession moves.
It seems like a triumphal return, this
march to the Amphitheatre, banners
flying, streamers floating, music play-
ing, as far as you can see, and yet the
end to come. Decked with evergreen,
and draped with purple and gold, the
Amphitheatre blooms with "Pansy"
colors as Dr. Duryea, the orator for the
day, steps to the front and ten thousand
titled programmes wave a Chautauqua
salute.

In the afternoon, again the Amphi-
theatre is filled. President Miller and
others give short addresses and Dr.
Vincent reads letters from absent coun-
sellors and distant friends. With kindly
admonitions to go to seed, the "Pansies"
are presented with their diplomas and a
Camp-fire is announced for the even-
ing. With night, though, fell a heavy
rain and the fire was abandoned; but
something seemed whispered in the
wind. A goodly number of C. L. S. C.'s
journey to the Hall to find the scene
shifted from that of the morning. The
hemlock sheds its fragrance and the
"Pansies" look down on a bridal bower,
for Dr. Vincent unites in wedlock an
'87 to a gentleman of the class of '91.
What infinite possibilities are yours, O
ye C. L. S. C.'s!

But badges and marching and fame
are not for C. L. S. C.'s alone. There is
an older class of Chautauquans with
whom they must divide, and there was
not a pleasanter evening of the season
than that filled by the normal classes of
the different years. After the entry,
led by the band and cadets, Dr. Hurl-
but made a very happy speech of greet-
ing, and Dr. Vincent followed with one
of his inimitable talks. "Good work,"
he said, "has been done in the normal
classes; good work is being done; but
better work shall be done. Whatever
place is given the university or the C.
L. S. C., in the future, the Book shall
be in the midst of us, and more room
will be given the Sunday-school work."
Paying all honor to normal training, he
pleaded for practice for the teacher, and
with earnest words bespoke for men in
the Sunday-school. "The mother," he
said, "has influence with the boy till
he is twelve or fourteen; from fourteen
to twenty the father's influence is more
molding than the mother's; at twenty
the mother regains her hold and never
loses it again."

But Chautauqua is not always marked
with music and hopes and aspirations.
It passes to look back, as it did in the
hush of that Sunday afternoon. It was
Memorial Hour and the platform was
hung with white and black. There were
floral emblems in profusion, and touch-
ing words and tributes for Chautauqua
workers who had passed away within
the year. Before the services closed Dr.
Vincent read a list of great men—dead,
many of them, to Chautauqua hearts—
who had died in the course of the four-
teen years. Among them were the names
of P. P. Bliss; Dr. S. H. Vail, the He-
brew teacher for so many years; Mr. A.
O. Van Lennep, the Turk, whose calls
rang out through Palestine; Rev. W.
O. Simpson of England; John Gough,
and Dr. Mark Hopkins.

As the weeks have worn on, Chau-
taqua has shown herself in many
phases to our view. There were the
hours when we listened to Mrs. Liver-
more's strong words on "Husbands and
Wives" and "Superfluous Women,"
or followed Prof. Drummond through
the mazes of science; or grew enthused
with John De Witt Miller on "Our
Country's Possibilities and Perils." There
were hours when we "feasted"
on lanterns, or looked on land and lake
lying in attractions; when little and
big crafts were all ablaze with light,
and entrancing music was wafted
from the band.

There was that hour when we stood
with Dr. Vincent "Among the
Heights," and would fain have pitched
our tent with his.
But the hours dissolve. Only the
hour of parting is ours. The last time
of the bells rings over the lake, and
mingles again with memories that
cannot die away. Good-bye Chautau-
qua! May we meet there again another
year.

Aug. 27.
THE SEASHORE AND PROHIBITION.
BY REV. L. R. DUNN, D. D.

This last summer has, perhaps, driven
more persons to the seashore and the
seashore for recreation and rest than
any other which has preceded it. There
has, indeed, been a perfect outpouring
of the people from city and town and
village to escape the humid heat which
has so generally prevailed. Consequently
every hotel and boarding-house has
been filled; and multitudes have found
it difficult to find bed or board.

And yet, while the season has been
most favorable to these resorts, it has
occasioned an unusual drain upon many
light and not well-filled purses. The
great questions have been, How can I
afford to go with my family? and where
shall I go? Many places have offered
their attractions of buildings, surround-
ings, fare, etc., but in most of them
there has been the almost universal and
fearful accompaniment of the saloon
and the bar. All this might be gotten
along with very well by the true and

the tried temperance and Christian man;
but for the young and inexperienced,
the temptations are strong—the under-
tow is heavy.

It is a matter of sincere and heart-felt
gratitude to God, that there are places
where liquor is not sold, except under
the careful guard of a physician's pre-
scription, and where drunkenness is
unknown. Among such places are
Ocean Grove and Asbury Park, New
Jersey. It is a matter of interest to
know that only eighteen years ago,
there were just eighteen persons who
assembled near Wesley Lake in Ocean
Grove for a prayer-meeting. All around
was almost as barren as a wilderness.
Stunted pines, a few oak shrubs and
whortleberry bushes, were all that met
the eye besides, here and there, a
simple tent. The accommodations were
of the plainest character both for the
head and the stomach. But right in the
midst of this desolation on the shore, it
was resolved, after much prayer, to
found a place, first of all, for a camp-
meeting; and, secondly, for recreation
and rest.

It was an experiment. Nothing of the
kind existed in this State, perhaps nothing
of the kind in the whole land. The
watchword of the place was to be "holi-
ness." No liquor was to be sold; no
dancing indulged in; no plays per-
formed. It was in a sense to be a place
where a perpetual Sabbath was to be
enjoyed; and almost unceasing devotion
to be exercised. It was not, of course,
imagined that there never would be any
liquor drunk, or any vile practices in-
dulged. For men can, and do, get in-
toxicated in this world wherever they go;
or, at least, they can carry them with
them everywhere. No doubt, in-
toxicating liquor is drunk here—it may
be secretly sold. But having been here
for several years, and having become
well-acquainted with these places, I
have never seen a drunken man, nor
have I ever discovered any one engaged
in the sale of liquor. This constitutes
all others in our State, and perhaps to
most of the other states of the Union.

Asbury Park has been brought into
existence under what are called more
liberal regulations. Dancing, card-
playing and other practices are here
allowed, but no liquor is publicly sold.
None is sold by honest druggists, unless
by order of a well-known physician. If
it is known that any is sold, a prosecu-
tion is begun and the offender is pun-
ished. It has been estimated that for
several weeks past there have been over
a hundred thousand persons in these
two places. No doubt can exist but
that a few of these have been low, vile
and licentious, unfit for decent society;
but the number has been very small,
and intoxication is unknown. Here
then, on this surge-beaten shore for
miles in extent, the young men and
women who have come have been free
from the pestiferous breath of inebriety.
Here the scourge has been unknown.
It has been frequently said, and it is
still said, that men know where they
can get brandy and beer here. It may
be so; but vile are the men who sell it,
and still more vile are the men and
women who drink it. The same thing
is said of every prohibition state, or
city, or town. But still it is evident
that prohibition does prohibit. It does
it here; it does it in Kansas and other
states; it can do it everywhere. This
fact, certainly, gives to these places a
high pre-eminence among the resorts of
our land. No wonder that fathers and
mothers throng here with their families,
not only to enjoy the sea-breeze and the
sea-bath, but to keep them from the
accursed evils of intemperance.

Miscellaneous.

EGYPTOLOGY.

BY GEORGE JOHN STEVENSON, M. A.

Under the above title there appears, in ZION'S HERALD of June 29, an article signed "A. S. Flagg," from the style and tone of which some persons might think that the writer was appointed for the defence and confirmation of the Bible, against those numerous writers who are now making use of all the newly-discovered records and documents—some of them dating back to the time when Adam was living, if we can rely on the chronology of Archbishop Usher, and Dr. Hales. Mr. Flagg writes as one who means well, and who has a righteous regard for the precious Bible, but he should remember this primary fact, that those who are the most careful and most diligent students of the "Records of the Past," as we now know them, have also the deepest possible regard for the truth of the Bible; and all their researches go in the direction of confirming and not in any sense denying the facts of the sacred Word.

It is most evident that Mr. Flagg has not made himself acquainted with both sides of the matters about which he presumes to write. If he sets himself up to controvert and deny the results of modern discovery, he is to be pitied rather than blamed; but if his desire is to ascertain the truth, the contents of this article may be useful to him. One motto of the life of Dr. Adam Clarke was, "seeketh and intermeddleth with all wisdom." It would be well if Mr. Flagg would study works which are easily accessible to him. There was one published in Philadelphia in May this year—"The Pharaohs of the Bible," by Rev. Alfred H. Kellogg, which consists of lectures delivered in Philadelphia, to try and make plain all that is known about the Pharaohs mentioned in the Bible. Our knowledge on these points is not absolutely perfect, but we are now able to trace, within narrow limits, the particular kings of Egypt mentioned by Abraham, Joseph, and Moses.

The first Pharaoh mentioned in the Bible is the one to whom Abraham was introduced, and who took the wife of Abraham into his harem. The Pharaoh of the time of Abraham is said to have been the 68th in succession from the origin of Egypt. Allow an average of only twenty years for a reign (some we know reigned fifty or sixty years), then we are carried back 1,360 years before Abraham, and Abraham is said to have been born about 500 years after the date of Noah's flood. We are now in possession of the names of about two hundred Pharaohs, taken from royal records found in temples in Egypt, all of whom lived, reigned, and died before the birth of Jesus Christ. To give an average of 20 years for each reign, carries us back to 4000 years before Christ for the beginning of Egypt as a nation. But this point is not one in dispute by Mr. Flagg.

His first point is, did Noah's flood reach Egypt? He seems to be shocked at any one suggesting any doubt on that point; but he must take time and pains to investigate the matter before affirming either for or against. He says the deluge did reach Egypt. Those who have fully studied the matter, with all the knowledge derived from modern discovery, affirm that the deluge of Noah did not reach Egypt. There is a book in use in all the Methodist colleges in America, entitled "McClintock and Strong's Cyclopaedia of Biblical and Ecclesiastical Literature" in ten large volumes, with a supplement of two large volumes. The writers of the articles in that work are some of the finest scholars in Europe and America. Let Mr. Flagg read in that work the articles on Chronology, on Egypt, and the Pyramids, he may then change his mind on those subjects. He may be a man of original mind, and may think himself to be as wise as the learned editors of that Cyclopaedia. Let me quote one extract from vol. III. In the article on Egypt (page 95), the last three lines on the page read thus: "There is no trace of the tradition of the deluge, which is found in almost every other country of the world." Such is the statement of two learned Methodist doctors. Which authority will your readers accept, Mr. Flagg or these scholars? I might multiply such testimony from other learned men.

Take another aspect of the question. Last November a series of rock-hewn tombs were discovered in the hills at Assouan in Upper Egypt, a hundred feet above the river Nile. When opened, the coffins were found to be in perfect condition, the paintings on the chambers of an exquisite character, the colors brilliant, and the inscriptions with the bodies recorded the names of persons who were living B. C. 3200, or at the time when Adam was living on the earth. If Noah's flood had reached Egypt, would these tombs have been spared in the condition in which they were found? The tombs were said to extend half a mile or more, and the rocks in which they are found come down to the bank of the Nile. This discovery has revealed to us the manner in which those heavy stone coffins were conveyed one hundred feet up the mountain, and also the manner of building the pyramids. If Mr. Flagg cannot accept such evidence, he is to be pitied rather than blamed. Other people believe it.

One step farther: The chronology of Archbishop Usher and of Dr. Hales comes in for remark. Both those men made their chronology for the early ages of the world, say 2000 years or more, from such evidence as was then available for use. Let Mr. Flagg get the original works of those good and well-meaning men. I have been studying both of them. Their early figures are largely based on conjecture, but with the knowledge we now have for use, we see that their calculations have no foundation in fact, or very little. Only six days ago, I had the pleasure

of taking one of your senior bishops of the M. E. Church—Bishop W. L. Harris—and his traveling companion, Rev. D. W. H. Mills of Yonkers, over part of the British Museum. I need not refer to a hundred wonderful things they saw, but notice only two. I placed the Bishop before a Chaldean tablet relating to King Sargon of Agade, who lived B. C. 3800, and who spoke the original Akkadian language of the world before it was confounded at the building of the tower of Babel. As the two distinguished American divines stood and read the account of the tablet and its date, B. C. 3800, the only remark made was, "What becomes of Usher's chronology in the face of such records?"

In the next room we came to the coffin, and the identical body of a Pharaoh of the fourth dynasty, who was the builder of the third great pyramid, and whose body was taken out of that pyramid by a gentleman of the British Museum, whom I knew, and who died only last year. The name of the Pharaoh was Menkaura, or Menkara; he was the 24th, or some say the 30th, Pharaoh in succession, who lived B. C. 3000, or 500 years before Noah's flood. The king's name is engraved on the coffin. That coffin was not destroyed by the flood, but it was shipwrecked in coming across the Mediterranean on its way to England. When Bishop Harris stood before that coffin, and the bones of Menkaura the king (taken out of it), and saw the date of the king's reign, Usher's chronology was seen to be very faulty. Bishop Harris is not a man to be easily taken in. What has Mr. Flagg to say to such evidence?

Let me tell my critic one thing more which will likely be a great surprise to him: He depends on the record of Moses for what he knows about Noah's flood. In the British Museum, we have records from Chaldaea, about both the creation and the deluge, which were written and read by the people then living—amongst whom was Abraham, the father of the faithful—five hundred years before Moses was born, and five hundred years before the book of Genesis was written. We have now in the Museum about 70,000 books or records from Chaldaea, Babylonia and Egypt, containing such a variety of national records, that if the Bibles were all destroyed, there exist in safe preservation stone monuments and documents of various kinds, from which nearly every fact recorded in God's book could be reproduced. Some of these stone and clay inscriptions are older than the time of Moses. It is not open to doubt, that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were all acquainted with the account of the creation and the deluge several hundred years before Moses had written one line of the book of Genesis, from information Abraham had brought with him from Chaldaea; and also that Jacob himself, who lived with Laban in Chaldaea for twenty years, knew perfectly the records which then existed in that land, some copies of which have come to us in England, from Chaldaea.

The Bible is not the oldest book in the world. Moses doubtless gathered many facts from the Chaldean tablets which were in plentiful use long before Jacob and his sons went down to settle in Egypt. The fact is on record, that "Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," and the Egyptians must have had direct intercourse with Chaldaea and Babylonia centuries before Moses was born. There are two remarkable facts worth recording and worth consideration: 1. When Moses was born in Egypt, more than seventy kings had ruled in that country, and as he knew Egypt for eighty years, probably seventy-six or more Pharaohs had been rulers, yet Moses does not mention the family name of any one of them, nor does he make any allusion to the great number of Pharaohs who had been kings. 2. The Bible says that Egypt was colonized by Mizraim, the grandson of Noah, yet no historian of Egypt makes any mention of Mizraim, nor is his name found on any of the temples, or any national records; on the contrary the lists of their kings—and there are three long lists of their rulers preserved—make no mention of Mizraim. Moses is silent about the seventy-five or seventy-six rulers before his time, and the Egyptian historians are all silent about Mizraim, or Ham, or Noah. Their lists of kings all date back long before the reported time of Mizraim, or before the flood of Noah.

Mr. Flagg is entirely in error in supposing that one of the writers on Egypt, or Chaldaea, or Babylonia, entertain the opinion that there was no deluge; the proof that there was a deluge, and a destructive one, is found recorded in some form in other lands, but neither in its history nor in its soil has any record of such a flood been found in Egypt. There is not even a tradition existing amongst the people of such an event having occurred on their sandy soil. Geologists and historians are all clear on this matter: It is an unknown event in Egypt, explain the fact as we may. Mr. Flagg has evidently an intelligent mind to enable him to study these matters, but he wants information. If he only reads the articles named in the Cyclopaedia previously named, he will find sufficient information to enable him to understand Egyptology more intelligently and clearly than he now does. Let me assure him, that those who are most deeply involved in these studies are mostly the most firm believers in the Word of God; and they are unanimous in their declarations, that all the discoveries of recent times do not contradict the Bible, but, on the contrary, are demonstrations of the truth and beauty of the volume of Divine Revelation. It is marvelous how uniformly the recent discoveries made by both the English and American Palestine Exploration Funds, and the Egyptian Fund and the Moabite Fund go to confirm the truths of the Bible.

I might easily have doubled the length of this reply, but judge that your readers will be satisfied that the statements made in previous articles are not incorrect representations of the

facts now known about the Egypt of former generations. No native Egyptian has ruled that country since the days of Hezekiah, just as it was then foretold 2300 years ago.

THE HOUR OF COMFORT.

Strength for to-day is all that we need,
For there never will be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,
With its measure of joy and of sorrow.

The present, born of yesterday,
Its shade, its shine, its sorrow,
Are blended in the living day,
The parent of to-morrow.

—Philip Doddridge.

CHARLES G. FINNEY.

After Conversion.

BY REV. F. A. CRAFTS.

When Mr. Finney met Mr. W., the lawyer with whom he was associated, he said a few words to him on the subject of his salvation, but was met by a look of astonishment. The truth had pierced him like a sword, and without a reply he left the office. He was soon after converted. Soon after he left, Deacon B. came in and said: "Mr. Finney, do you recollect that my case is to be tried at ten o'clock this morning? I suppose you are ready." Mr. Finney replied: "I have a reminder from the Lord Jesus Christ, to plead His cause, and I cannot plead yours." The astonished deacon went and settled his suit, and renewed his consecration to God.

In the early days of his awakening Mr. Finney was led to think that if he was ever converted, he would be obliged to leave his profession, of which he was very fond, and devote himself to the preaching of the gospel. And very soon after his conversion to God, under the wonderful baptism of the Spirit, he was so filled with sympathy with lost men that he was no longer willing to do anything else. He says: "I had no longer any desire to practice law. . . . I had no hungering and thirsting after worldly pleasures and amusements in any direction. My whole mind was taken up with Jesus and His salvation; and the world seemed to me of very little consequence. Nothing, it seemed to me, could be put in competition with the worth of souls; and no labor, I thought, could be so sweet, and no employment so exalted as that of holding up Christ to a dying world."

Under this inspiration he went out that very day to converse with such as he might meet, and his first interview was in a shoe-shop where he met a son of one of the elders of the church who had been there trying to hold up Universalism. After listening a few moments to Mr. Finney, this young man went out, and went directly to a grove where he gave himself to God. Towards evening Mr. F. called at a house where lived a religious family, but among the boarders was a young man who was employed in distilling whiskey and who professed to be a Universalist. Mr. F. was invited to remain to tea, and as he attempted to ask a blessing at the table, there came upon him such a sense of the condition of these young people that he burst into tears and could not proceed. Every one around the table sat silent. Soon the young man referred to left the table, went to his room and looked himself in and was not seen again till the next morning, when he came out, expressing a blessed hope in Christ. The arrows of conviction seemed to strike the heart of almost every one he met. At the close of the day, the people, as if touched by some holy influence, began to move toward the church, though no appointment had been given, till the house was packed to its utmost capacity. Here Mr. Finney began the public utterance of the truth to which he was so evidently called. A great revival was the result.

Soon after, he went to Henderson, where his parents lived. To the usual salutation of his father, who met him at the gate, he replied: "I am well, father, body and soul; but, father, you are an old man; all your children are grown up, and have left your house, and I never heard a prayer in my father's house." The father dropped his head, burst into tears and said: "I know it, Charles; come in and pray yourself." It was not long before both his parents were trusting in Christ as their Saviour. He remained two or three days in the place, conversing with such as he met, and immediately a powerful revival spread forth in every direction, all over the town. He returned to Adams, and God continued to move the hearts of the people by his words. Wonderful seasons of the baptism of the Spirit were given him, and remarkable answers were given to his prayers. He studied the Bible kneeling before God, and often spent a day in fasting and prayer.

HIS DOCTRINAL EDUCATION.

In the spring of the year 1822, he put himself under the care of the presbytery, as a candidate for the gospel ministry. He was urged to go to Princeton to study theology, with the offer of having his expenses paid, but he refused to go, as he saw that the men who had been there trained were not ministers that met his ideal of what a minister of Christ should be. One of them—Rev. Mr. Gale, his pastor—he says, "held that Jesus suffered for the elect the literal penalty of the divine law; that He suffered just what was due to each of the elect on the score of retributive justice." This doctrine Mr. Finney could not receive because he saw no foundation for it in God's word; so, during the period of his study under Mr. Gale, there was many an hour spent in earnest discussion of these points. Late in life Mr. Gale came to see things in a different light, and was thankful that he had not succeeded in his effort to convert Mr. Finney to his views.

In the month of March, 1824, the presbytery was called together at

Adams, and, after examining him, voted to license him to preach the gospel. Having had no regular training for the ministry, he did not expect nor desire to labor in large towns or cities, but proposed to preach in school-houses, barns and groves; so he went as a missionary into the northern part of Jefferson county, and divided his labors between Evans' Mills and Antwerp, where he saw the power of the gospel manifested in the salvation of many souls. That the reader may see an illustration of Mr. Finney's methods, I will relate, briefly, his report of the work at Evans' Mills.

There the people heard him gladly, and complimented his sermons, but for a time no one moved. One evening he requested those to rise up who had resolved to become Christians, and those who had resolved that they would not become Christians he requested to sit still. Not one arose. He then said to them: "You are committed. You have taken your stand. You have rejected Christ and His gospel. Ye are witnesses one against the other, and God is witness against you all." They began to look angry, then they arose en masse and started for the door, but paused as he ceased speaking. Then he said: "I am sorry for you; I will preach to you once more, the Lord willing, to-morrow night." The next evening the house was packed, and without any introductory services he opened upon them with these words: "Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with him, for they shall eat the fruit of their doings. Woe to the wicked! It shall be ill with him, for the reward of his hands shall be given him." I now give his words: "The Spirit of God came upon me with such power, that it was like opening a battery upon them. For more than an hour, and perhaps for an hour and a half, the word of God came through me to them in a manner that I could see was carrying all before it. It was a fire and a hammer breaking the rock; and as the sword that was piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit."

He saw tokens of the Spirit's power on the congregation, but asked for no movement that night. But as the people withdrew a young woman was seen in the arms of her friends, speechless, overcome by the awful truth presented. She was the sister of a celebrated missionary, and had been a church-member eight years. After lying speechless for about sixteen hours, her mouth was opened, and the new song was given her. She said that up to this time, she had never known the true God and that she had been entirely deceived.

The work of God swept the place with tremendous power, and among its fruits were many infidels. Among them, however, there was one man who rallied at religion, and was very angry because of the revival. He refused to attend the meetings. But in the midst of his violent opposition, while sitting one morning at the table, he suddenly fell out of his chair in a fit of apoplexy, and died in a few moments. Another man, calling himself a Universalist, was enraged against Mr. Finney because he had visited his sick wife, and went to the meeting one evening with a pistol in his pocket, threatening to kill the preacher. But he fell from his seat under the sermon, groaning out again and again, "I am sinking to hell!" He passed the night in great distress; the next morning he went away into a grove, and after fully giving himself up as a lost sinner, he was gloriously saved.

(To be continued.)

Prof. Henry Drummond, of Glasgow, in one of his admirable talks at the Northfield conference, gave this bit of Bible-reading on Life: "Christ is our exemplar. His object: 'I come to do Thy will, O God.' His food: 'My meat is to do Thy will.' The society He arrived at: 'He that doeth My will, the same is My brother, My sister, My mother.' Education: 'Teach me to do Thy will.' Pleasure: 'I delight to do Thy will.' He that doeth My will abideth forever."—Advance.

HEDDING ASSEMBLY, EAST EPPING, N. H.

BY REV. J. D. FOLSOM.

So successful was the Assembly of last year—the first ever held on the camp-ground at East Epping—that some feared it could never be equaled again; but the universal judgment is that the assembly of '87 has surpassed that of '86. The attendance was larger, the interest deeper, the finances easier. New and attractive features were added in the Recognition services, the Camp-fire and fire-works, the musical entertainment, etc.

In wise provision for this occasion and for future meetings, the camp-meeting association purchased the Exceter rink, moved it to the camp-ground and erected it anew on the campus in front of the grove. While the weather-stained and not very handsome structure was going up, adverse criticism was outspoken. But after its completion—after its walls without and within had been brown-washed, and all overhead in the interior covered with clear white-wash, and about a thousand new chairs were placed on the floor, and tasteful hands had decorated it with arches of green and gold, with mottoes, bouquets, and star-spangled banners—the wind of public opinion veered to the opposite quarter. And when long days of rain came, and chilly evenings and mornings, "Chauteauqua Hall" was found to be an indispensable institution.

The educational work of this Assembly was in charge of the same instructors that taught so successfully last year. The only exception was the instructor of the children's class, Miss A. S. Harlow, whose name appears on the programme this year for the first time. Miss Harlow has a bright, attractive way with the little folks, and her classes were crowded. Mrs. Mary C. Cutler's

lectures before the primary normal students were rich in thought, clear in arrangement, and happily illustrated. In the S. S. normal hour, Rev. O. S. Baker, in his usual straight-forward, thorough-going fashion, set forth the Sunday-school purpose and best methods of teaching. Rev. J. M. Durrell, in his Biblical normal lectures, treated of the geography of Palestine and gave outlines of Biblical history. In all the lectures by these instructors the rule of the "new education" was observed, and frequent appeals were made to other faculties beside that of hearing. The black-board, object-lessons, and memory drill were employed with excellent results. A normal class was organized, which is to pursue for two years a course of reading and study, with examinations. At the end of this time the diplomas are to be given to all who pursue the course and pass the examinations. Among others who joined this class is a lady who has been a public-school teacher forty-four years.

The course of popular lectures was very fine, and reflects great credit on chairman Dutton of the programme committee. Prof. Rich, of Bates College, in his "Lessons in Words," traced several common words back to their origin, and showed how their original force held through all their modifications of form and use. The lecture was full of gems of thought. Dr. Knowles, of the N. H. Conference Seminary, gave a ringing discourse on "Social and Religious Culture in Institutions of Learning." It was a great treat. Such religious culture as will teach our youth to live in right relations to material things, to their fellow-men, and to God—to be truly polite, honest to the core, true to trust and to vows, and righteously heroic—is a great need of the times. Rev. H. L. Hastings was the lecturer for Tuesday evening, "Egypt" was the subject. It was one of his anti-idol lectures. With the look of an old Hebrew prophet, and with the mighty sweep of a master, he hewed the idol as Samuel did Agag. The lecture was illustrated by the stereopticon.

Probably the most popular lecture of the course was on Wednesday morning, by Rev. Robert Nourse, of Washington, D. C. His subject was "John and Jonathan," and his handling of his theme was magnificent. Wit and humor, strong good sense, caricature, declamation, and brilliantly-eloquent climaxes filled the hour and three-quarters which he took. It was long past the dinner hour when he closed, but expressions of appreciation were on every lip as the audience rose. In the afternoon Senator Blair spoke on "National Temperance." His description of the world-wide evils of drink, his strong argument in favor of national legislation, and his appeal for the hearty interest and co-operation of those whom he addressed, in this work, were heart stirring. The lecture of the evening by Dr. Dunn, on "Feelings and Failures," was full of good sense and earnest purpose, but unfortunately could not be well heard on account of the lecturer's obscure articulation.

Rev. J. A. Johnson, D. D., of Nashua, spoke eloquently of "Ideal Life the Bible Study," and found life's full and perfect expression in the Son of God. Dr. E. H. Hale's address was an exposition of the principles underlying the Chautauqua movement, and the C. L. S. C. work in particular. It was a great help and inspiration to many. The "Age of Missions" was ably discussed by Rev. Judson Smith, D. D. There are three marked periods of missionary work—the early heroic, up to the christianization of Rome; the medieval, during which Europe was christianized; and the modern age, marvelous in its spirit and progress. At three o'clock Friday afternoon the Hall was quite filled to hear Dr. Townsend on "Jonah and the Whale." But a telegram just at hand announced the lecturer's arrival at Newmarket Junction, six miles away. The audience voted to wait for him. After one hour's delay the little doctor *classicus* strode up the aisle, the audience enthusiastically applauding. The lecture was worth the waiting. Ex-Senator J. W. Patterson closed the course with a charming lecture on "Venice."

On Thursday evening a grand musical entertainment was given by the chorus choir, E. S. Mason, musical instructor, in charge. It was a splendid affair. The choir was assisted by Miss Fletcher, soloist, the Music Hall Orchestra of Portsmouth, the Mason Brothers' Quartette of Nashua, and Miss Philbrick, pianist, of Portsmouth.

The Recognition services on Thursday, though held in the Hall on account of the rain, were very impressive. Six "87's" were graduated. A much larger class of "88's" were in the procession. The Camp-fire was on Friday evening. Instead of Thursday, on account of the general dampness. It is hardly necessary to say it was quite a brilliant affair, as were the fire-works that followed. A good deal of C. L. S. C. enthusiasm was generated. Between fifty and sixty joined the class of '91 before they left the ground.

On Saturday morning about a hundred Chautauquans gathered on and about the big boulder on the hill-top near the camp-ground, and formally gave it the name of "Vineyard Rock," and dedicated it for service in the Chautauqua movement.

Important measures were adopted at this Assembly regarding its future work, which will be given to the public in a special communication.

You are too tired to teach a Sunday-school class? One of the hardest worked men in the world was Sir Roundell Palmer, Lord Chancellor of England, and he taught a class. Perhaps you teach without preparation? He specially prepared every lesson. Possibly you see your pupils only in the classroom? Sir Roundell visited his scholars, and never forgot or lost sight of one of them. Take pains, be earnest, and look for great results.—N. Y. Evangelist.

Our Book Table.

The Methodists of Maine owe a debt of gratitude to Rev. Dr. Stephen S. Allen and Rev. W. H. Pillsbury, for which they can only show their appreciative recognition, in the lowest form, by purchasing widely the noble octavo volume of 932 pages which they have just issued, entitled *METHODISM IN MAINE FROM 1793 TO 1886*. The work upon the Maine Conference is prepared and written by Dr. Allen; on the East Maine by Rev. W. H. Pillsbury. There are over fifty illustrations—portraits of ministers and representations of important or historical buildings. The work is exhaustive. No Conference in our connection have had their history and progress so carefully and elaborately written. Dr. Allen has given a very valuable and interesting picture of the political and religious conditions of the country at the time of Jesse Lee's (and his co-laborers) early visit to the province of Maine. His biographical sketches of the early ministers and conspicuous laymen are specially interesting. A full history of the different circuits and charges is given, a record of the successive sessions of the Conference, with the chief denominational events of the period throughout the year, the visitors to the Conferences, a full sketch of the educational work of the Methodists of Maine and their justly popular institution on Kent's Hill.

His colleague follows, in a measure, the same course in reference to the history of the East Maine Conference, giving a very interesting account of pioneer work in the territory long before it was separated from the parent body. Mr. Pillsbury does not give summaries of the proceedings of the several Conferences, but with the assistance of the ministers presents very full histories of the different circuits and charges, and of the prosperous Conference academy at Bucksport, with quite a number of noted pastors. Bro. Pillsbury also gives his opinion very frankly of certain famous discussions which have occurred within the Methodist body, and in reference to the present state of the Church. The work is full of gems of great value, prepared with much care and painstaking labor through a long period of toil. We cannot doubt but that the great expense of its publication will be fully returned to Dr. Allen, as well as remuneration for the long personal labors in bringing the work to so successful a conclusion, in the large sale of this elegantly-published volume.

SAMANTHA AT SARATOGA; OR FLIRT-ING WITH FASHION, by Josiah Allen's wife (Marietta Holley), with abundant humorous illustrations by Opper. Philadelphia: Hubbard Brothers. Sold by subscription. 12mo, 575 pages. All readers of "Samantha at the Centennial" will be sure to call for this volume. It is one of the best books of the season in the best kind of humor. It is funny enough, but with its rich and amusing observations, it teaches many admirable lessons, and holds up to ridicule and laughter the unquestioned follies of the present. Every visitor in Saratoga will declare its truth to nature and greatly enjoy the grim remarks of these plain but very bright and honest country people. It is a book to read alone or in company, the social giving a livelier enjoyment to its happy life, and widely extended may her travels be! Like Oliver her readers will be constantly asking for "more."

The Christian Literature Company, of Buffalo, issue volume IV of their excellent edition of the *NIXON AND POST-NIXON FATHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH*. This series is under the able supervision of Dr. Philip Schaff. The present volume is devoted to two of the great works of St. Augustine, the writings against the Manicheans and against the Donatists. The translations have been made by Prof. Albert H. Newman, of Toronto, and by other well-equipped scholars. Dr. Newman introduces the Manichean discussion with an extended and very valuable essay, explanatory, historical, and critical, for which the student readers will be grateful to him. The same may also be said of the elaborate introductory essay of Rev. Dr. C. D. Hartranft to the writings in connection with the Donatist controversy. The present series is issued with the same regularity and in the same neat style as the "Ante-Nicene Library," and at the same moderate price.

THE GIRLS' BOOK OF FAMOUS QUEENS, by Lydia Hoyt Farmer. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 16mo. This excellent and well-written volume contains sketches of the lives of sixteen queens, from Semiramis to Victoria. It has all the dramatic interest of fiction—some of the lives are more extraordinary than can be found in romances—but it relates substantial truth. We heartily commend it to our young lady readers as both entertaining and instructive.

John B. Alden issues *MESSAGE: PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF REMEDIAL TREATMENT BY IMPARTED MOTION*, by George H. Taylor, M. D. 16mo, with illustrations. This manual presents in a very calm and convincing manner the modern mechanical processes of relieving nervous and muscular affections, by rubbing or by other external applications. The illustrations render it easy to understand the nature and the writer very fully treats of the nature and philosophy of the results which are reached by the process.

The latest issue of the National Library series is volume I of Mungo Park's *TRAVELS IN THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA*. 10 cents.

Frederick A. Stokes, successor to the firm of White, Stokes & Allen, New York, issues a charming new picture entitled *FAVORITES IN FEATHERS*, with colored designs of familiar birds among beautiful flowers, illustrated with bright sentences from well-known writers, and bound in a portfolio form, with richly-ornamented covers. This gem of mechanical execution is edited by Susie Barstow Skelding; the colored pictures by Fidelia Bridges. \$1.50. For sale in Boston by Dammell & Upham.

Periodicals and Pamphlets.

The *Pulpit Treasury* for September is on our table. The frontispiece is a portrait of Chancellor Sims of Syracuse University, followed by his sermon on "Opportunity and Responsibility." There is a sketch of his life, a view of University Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church and of the Hall of Languages, Syracuse University. Yearly, \$2.50. Clergymen, \$2. E. B. Treat, Publisher. 771 Broadway, New York.

American Art Illustrated, for August, gives an ample list of sketches and illustrations, which will be appreciated by young students in art. Its letter press contains a fine illustrated paper by Frank T. Robinson upon "New England Homes: Oak Grove Farm." It has a full chapter of "Comment and Review," with "Monthly Record of Art," "American Home Decoration," and Miscellaneous. 179 Tremont St., Boston.

The *Homiletic Magazine* (English) has a paper on the question "The Reunion of

Christendom—Is it Desirable? Is it Possible?" The other papers are "The One People," "Moral Religion which the World has," "Has Evolution a Claim to a Place in the Christian System?" with expository and homiletic miscellany. New York, E. B. Treat, 771 Broadway.

The *Magazine of Western History*, illustrated, for August, continues its papers on the "History of Ohio," on the "Bench and Bar of Milwaukee," and "Toronto," and upon the "Financial Growth of Milwaukee." The other papers are, "Recollections of the 47th General Assembly of Ohio," "The Southwestern Territory," "The Slave Lucy and the War," "The National Promotional System," "B. D. Babcock, Mayor of Cleveland," with editorial notes and correspondence. 145 St. Clair St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Scribner's Magazine for September opens with an instructive illustrated paper upon "The Modern Nile," by Edward L. Wilson. The story of "Seth's Brother's Wife" is evidently drawn to its close. There is a lively illustrated article upon "Camping and Hunting in the Shoshone." Moncure D. Conway contributes an historical paper upon "An Unpublished Draft of a National Constitution," by Edmund Randolph. The sketchy "Unpublished Letters" are continued. The first part of a story which finds its scene in Japan is given. Prof. G. T. Ladd has an excellent paper upon "The American University." The other papers are "Flandre's Magna," "English in Newspapers and Novels," "The Motif of Bird Song." New York, Charles Scribner's Sons.

The *Forum* for September opens with a sharp questioning of the necessity or expediency of the "Sixteenth Amendment" with an argument against woman suffrage. The second article, by the Minister of the Interior of Canada, criticizes and answers a previous contribution of Mr. P. upon the government of Canada. Rev. Dr. Jessop tells of the books that helped him. Mrs. MacCrack writes a good article "Concerning Men." Prof. Cope answers once more the question, "What is the object of life?" Andrew Lang is after the critic. Bunsen considers "American Geographical Names." Prof. Young, "Great Telescopes," N. P. Gilman, "Profit Sharing," and Prof. Winchell gives a bright, effective criticism of "Ignatius Donnelly's Comet." 97 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Winnepeaukee Camp-Meeting.

This meeting was held on the grounds of the Association at Weirs, N. H., commencing on Monday, Aug. 15, and closing on Friday evening, Aug. 19.

The meeting opened on Monday at 2 p. m., with a praise, consecration and Bible-reading service led by the presiding elder of Concord District, Rev. Geo. W. Norris, and the key-note was struck by the brethren at this first gathering—"personal consecration, sanctification, and salvation." It has been said that there could not be a spiritual meeting at the Weirs, but the experience of the past three years has shown that our meetings have been of the most intensely spiritual character—so much so that some of the ministers have been "tried" on account of their peculiar sanctification career. At 6 p. m., Rev. L. R. Danforth of Manchester preached from Isa. 1: 18, an earnest gospel sermon. Prayer-meetings followed, in which salvation was the theme. On Tuesday the usual prayer-meetings were held at 8 a. m.; at 10 o'clock services in the grove. The sermon was preached by Rev. Geo. W. Buzwell of West Woodstock; theme, "Mustard-seed Faith."—a very sharp, pungent talk, which was highly enjoyed. This was followed by an altar-service, led by Rev. S. E. Quimby of Wakefield—sweet and full of power. At 2 p. m., Rev. William Woods of Lake Village was the speaker. Text, Dan. 3: 17, 18—"Mighty faith in God," a timely and well-written tract, read by Rev. Geo. A. McLaughlin of Laconia, led the altar service at which very many experienced sanctification. At 6 p. m., the sermon was by Rev. W. A. Loyne of East Haven. Text, 1 Tim. 1: 15—"on the salvation line," followed by an excellent prayer-service in all the houses.

Wednesday at 10 a. m., Rev. G. W. Anderson of Stark preached from Heb. 7: 25; theme, "Salvation"—good, true, and abiding. The altar service was given by Rev. A. McLaughlin, the interest increasing. A children's meeting was held each day at 1 p. m. The afternoon sermon was by Rev. J. E. Robins, presiding elder of Concord District. His text was taken from Ps. 50: 2—a very scholarly presentation of the doctrine of perfection, the beautiful in nature, and religion. An altar service followed, led by Rev. Geo. A. McLaughlin. At 6 p. m., Rev. J. E. Taggart of Gilman preached from John 3: 16. The old Methodist fire was rekindled by this stirring discourse; prayer services followed.

On Thursday the rain came down in torrents and drew people into three meetings, forenoon, afternoon and evening. At the forenoon house Rev. J. M. Widdows preached "The Christian Soldier." ("Endure hardness," etc.) An excellent discourse in the Laconia house was given by Rev. H. E. Allen, of Auburn, from Jer. 50: 5. Bro. Allen is a sort of Sam Jones, not an imitator, but a quaint, original order of mind, and the sermon was a specimen of that kind of production. At the East Haven house, Rev. Albert Smith, a young shoot from the grand old stock, took his text from Hos. 10: 12, theme, salvation to the unconverted and backslidden. At 2 p. m., in Concord house, Rev. C. J. Fowler preached from Acts 11: 14—Sanctification; good, strong, logical, conclusive. An altar service followed, led by the same brother, in which very many participated. The house was packed full. At the Laconia house, Rev. J. A. Bowler of Lancaster preached at 2 p. m. Theme, "The Christian Soldier." At 6 a. m., in Concord house, Rev. O. S. Danforth of Manchester, preached from Mark 12: 34. The altar service and prayer service were led by Rev. Bro. Knox of Littleton. At East Haven house, Rev. J. C. Crowley of Jefferson preached. At Laconia house, services were conducted by Rev. Wm. Merrill, of the New England Conference.

On Friday, after a profitable fore-feast, Rev. Thos. Tyle of Plymouth preached from Matt. 2: 1, 2—"Come to Jesus." The sermon was preceded by a consecration service conducted by Bro. Knox, in which about \$117 was raised for current expenses. Rev. G. W. Anderson conducted the altar service. At 2 p. m., Rev. M. V. B. Knox preached from John 16: 13; theme, "The Holy Ghost." It was a very faithful gospel sermon, and made a good impression upon the largest Friday audience ever assembled on the grounds. The altar service was led by Presiding Elder Norris, in which many precious and touching words were spoken. Another consecration service was spontaneously held, to raise money to help mission work in Pittsburg, N. H.; \$125 was raised, and the people had to be told not to give any more. At 6 p. m. Rev. H. L. Hastings of Boston delivered his lecture on "Inspiration"—a very well-resented, two hours' talk on the Bible; clear, convincing, and timely.

This closed one of the most spiritual and profitable of all the fifteen annual gatherings that have been held on the grounds. The management have reason to be grateful for so good a success, without any outside help.

Monday afternoon at 2 p. m. the meeting hall was crowded with people. The program was as follows: A song, a prayer, a reading of the Bible, a sermon by the pastor, a collection, and a benediction. The service was well attended and the people were very happy.

The Family.

SPEAKING TO THE HEART.

[EDITORIAL.]

Whoever wishes to taste real and lasting pleasure must keep in mind that

"Pleasure is of duty done the fruit."

In the Christian life, nothing will answer as a substitute for obedience to Christ. We must be doers as well as hearers of the word.

Sin is not sin because it is seen of men, but because it is a violation of right. Sin is none the less because it is invisible to human eyes.

The most delightful description of heaven is suggested by our Lord's assurance that where He is there His disciples shall be, also. His companionship will be their heaven. Hence Cowper says of heaven:—

"There like streams that feed the garden
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord your faith rewarding
All His bounty shall bestow."

And all His bounty will be comprehended in the unending fellowship of His infinite love.

He does well who prays when he is walked round with strong and manifold temptations; but he does better who prays before temptation surrounds. Hence St. Paul wisely exhorts the believer to fight sin "with all prayer and supplication, praying at all seasons in the spirit" (R. V.). Was not Christ's victory over Satan preceded by forty days of fasting and prayer?

To take offence at trifles is to prove one's self the possessor of a vain and narrow mind. Generous natures never permit slight apparent offences to obliterate in a moment the gratitude due to the kindnesses of years. And with Christians it is a point of duty not to be provoked, not to take account of evil. Love, says Saint Paul, "is not provoked!" (R. V.)

Butler built his famous Analogy on the observation by the son of Sirach that "all things are double one against another, and God hath made nothing imperfect." A later English writer puts the pregnant thought into simpler phrase saying, "Every object in nature is a finger-post to some great spiritual truth, to which it has a typical relation." And then he pertinently remarks that the anti-Christian scientist "worships the finger-post," but the Christian thinker more wisely passes on to the spiritual truth which it indicates:—

"He looks through nature up to nature's God."

"The things that are made" guide him to the study of those "invisible things" which it is the especial purpose of the divine Word to bring within the compass of human thought and human affection.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

A PICTURE.

A dim, rich space, a vault of arching gold,
A furious, shouting rabble pressing near,
A single sentinel to bar and hold
With his one spear.

I see the Roman ruler careless sit
To judge the cause in his accustomed place;
I see the coarse, dull, cruel meanings flit
Across his face.

I see the pitiless priests who urge and rave,
Intent to see the Victim sacrificed,
Fearful that scruple or that plea should save—
Where is the Christ?

Not that pale shape which stands amid the press,
In gentle patience uncomplaining,
Clad in the whiteness of His Teacher's dress—
That is not He!

That slender frame were easily blown out;
One furious gust of human hate, but one—
One chilling breath of terror or of doubt—
And it were gone!

But Thou, O mighty Christ, endurest still,
Quenches Thy fire, fed by immortal breath,
Lord of the heart, Lord of the erring will,
And Lord of Death.

King of the world, Thou livest to the end,
Ruling the nations as no other can;
Best Comrade, Healer, Teacher, Guide, best Friend
And help of man.

I see Thee, not a wan and grieving shape,
Facing, like lamb led forth for sacrifice,
The destiny from which is no escape,
With mild, sad eyes—

But strong and brave and resolute to bear,
Knowing that Death once conquered, was to be
Thy willing thrall, thy servant grave and fair,
Best help to Thee.

The vision changes on the pictured scene;
The pallid Victim fades, and in His place
Comes a victorious, steadfast, glorious meek,
The true Christ's face.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE, in *Congregationalist*.

NOTES FROM ALASKA.

BY MISS CLEMENTINA BUTLER.

An increasing wave from the tide of summer travel seems to be flowing up to the shores of our northernmost possession—Alaska. The attention of tourists has been called to this trip by the glowing accounts of those who in the past few years have ventured as pioneers to the wonderful gold mines that are now bringing the Territory into such promise of advancement.

Then the tourists that followed quickly for the enjoyment of unbeaten paths, have sent their praise of this paradise to those "down below," as the phrase goes here; so each season sees a larger number of visitors, and this summer the steamers that leave weekly for the Alaska trip have been crowded to the utmost of their capacity. On the Pacific coast bridal couples are finding it as attractive as the European tour is to those in the Eastern States, and to any who dread the overland journey,

necessary to reach the Atlantic seaboard, it presents especial advantages. The trip has another great feature in its favor: The water is as calm as an inland lake, unvisited by the storms that toss and tear the face of the open ocean. With the exception of about forty miles, the entire course is inside the chain of islands that fringe the coast and raise a barrier to the swell of the ocean. Thus, while the air is the bracing salt that refreshes and invigorates, the timid need not fear the rough experience that is such a bugbear in the anticipation of a sea voyage. As the steamer glides through the narrow channel that separates the islands with their heavily-wooded shores, the breath of the pine forests blends with that of the sea, producing a balm for the tired senses that is unsurpassed. The time needed for the excursion may be either ten days on the fast steamer that calls at few places, or from seventeen to twenty-five on the slow boats which stop at many of the smaller settlements. To those who wish to rest and get away from the busy world, these last are preferable, as much more of the country and people can be seen. No mail, with worry in the letters, can overtake you, no telegraph can startle the nerves, and the daily newspaper becomes a dream of the past. Even the congressman on board forgets to talk of politics in the delight inspired by the beauty around—who cares about "party" when facing a wall of ice three hundred feet high, glittering in the sunlight and flashing opal tints from its peaks and towers?

But to begin at the beginning: The party of which the writer is a member, crossed the continent by the Canadian Pacific Railway, the connecting link for which the dwellers in British North America have longed, and of which, with its fine service and magnificent cars, they are justly proud. From Boston we went to Montreal, and passed Sunday in that city, which impressed us as much by its old-world flavor as by its picturesque situation on the river, with Mount Royal for a background. We attended the St. James Street church, and enjoyed very much the hearty congregational singing, although we were disappointed in not hearing the regular pastor. Monday afforded time for the sights of the city, as well as a trip to the Lachine Rapids, before our train left for the great Northwest.

It is impossible to more than mention the delightful glimpses of Lake Superior, the grand forests of Ontario, the mountains and rivers that attracted our attention, but the fertile plains of Manitoba must not pass without a word. Truly they are fertile! As we gazed at the rich harvest of wheat on the great farms that line the road, we did not wonder that the emigrant cars on the train were packed with tollers from distant lands, who looked out with new hope in their hearts to the better days before them in this great country.

One family of Norwegians interested us greatly. The father, mother, and five sturdy boys were radiant with happiness at the prospect of the new home. As we talked with them and smiled at the efforts of the little ones to pronounce English words, we noted that one church, at least, was not neglecting the opportunity. In the emigrant car was a Roman Catholic priest, besides two others who traveled in the first-class cars, and who could be frequently seen in conversation with the new-comers. Rome has plans for the possession of this great country, and is actively pursuing her advantage.

The views as the train approached the Rocky Mountains were sublime. As the cars wound slowly around the foot of Mt. Stephen, at an altitude of 5,200 feet, the peak towering 8,240 feet above, yet apparently so near that it seemed as though a stone could be thrown against it, our hearts were thrilled, and our minds raised to higher and holier aspirations.

Much of the beautiful scenery of the Selkirk was lost to us on account of the forest fires. We were rejoiced as we reached Vancouver, the terminus of the road, for here was the sea, the quiet water running in between the islands that dot the entrance to the harbor, and at the wharf a steamer ready to convey us to Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, from which point we were to embark for Sitka. Quaint Victoria—a small little bit of England transplanted to Vancouver Island, and keeping its loyalty unswerving. I wonder if the smell of the sweet-brier and the primrose ever reminds any other readers of the HERALD of far-away English homes!

The greatest enjoyment of the trip began when, on board the "Olympian," we sailed off for the frozen north, feeling that hot days, and worse than that, the hot nights, were left far behind us. As we sailed past Vancouver, out through the beautiful Gulf of Georgia, and into the quiet waters of Finlayson Channel, the panorama of mountain and islands, stately forests and snow-clad summits, became more wonderful with every turn. The glassy surface of the water reflected the peaks that rose abruptly from the water's edge to a height of 1,500 to 3,000 feet, clad with timber that made one realize the possibility of the truth of Secretary Seward's assertion, that Alaska would some day be the ship-yard of the world.

The varied shades of green of the trees were farther heightened by the vivid emerald of the moss, which covered the rocky slopes from the timber to the snow line. To add the touch of bright color necessary to the complete picture, from some little bay shoots out a narrow canoe, skillfully hewn from a single log, and propelled by short paddles gaily painted with conventional figures. The yellow kerchief on the head of the woman in the canoe, and the red blanket of her companion, make a pleasing effect, but their stolid faces as they draw near excite compassion rather than admiration. A closer inquiry into their life and habits reveals the fact that during the seventeen years that the United States has held possession

of Alaska, the natives have been entirely neglected, so far as public education is concerned. Not until 1884 was any money granted by Congress for the purpose, and then only twenty-five thousand dollars per annum. This for a population of 35,000! And this year the appropriation was cut down to fifteen thousand dollars. This amount must cover salaries, buildings and all necessities. Even for this the commissioner of education, Dr. Sheldon Jackson, has to go to Washington and plead. We had the pleasure of his company on board our steamer, and received the above facts from him during a lecture which he delivered in the cabin one evening. This devoted man, for many years a missionary among the Alaska Indians, pleads for their elevation with an eloquence born of his deep interest in their welfare.

The missionaries of the Presbyterian and Moravian churches are working with patience and heroism in this difficult field. The Indians have for their religion only a rude form of superstition, very similar to the fetishism of Africa. Witchcraft prevails, and many sad cases of torture and deaths for the crime of bewitching occur. The government is putting a stop to this as far as possible, and one of the most effective ways found to destroy the power of the "shamans" or witch-doctors, has been to capture them and shave off their hair which had never been cut before. These shamans, thus shorn of their strength, lose all their influence among the Indians.

The tribal relation is held very important, and the chiefs have great influence. They are as a rule peaceable and friendly, and anxious to be like the "Boston men," as all the whites are called. The miners have brought with them the vices of civilization, and, alas, few of the virtues. When drunk they become surly and unmanageable. It is contrary to law to sell liquor to the Indians, but with a little alcohol and plenty of molasses, they manufacture a very intoxicating drink called "boochi-noon." The staple food among them is salmon, not salted or smoked, but simply dried. Outside of nearly every hut one sees the long sticks supported on poles, bearing numbers of salmon, split and cleaned, and hung up to dry. At night these sticks are carried indoors, where the smoke from the open fire may assist in the process; but in the day-time they are taken out again, even if the weather be damp and rainy, in which case they are covered with a piece of canvas or boards. When we saw the bright red fish, as red as any lobster, it looked very picturesque, but when we ventured into their houses, where it was stored up for winter use, and realized the powerful odor proceeding from it, we were quite disenchanted. To vary this fare the salmon-berries—a fruit resembling a large raspberry—are gathered in the autumn and preserved in seal-oil for winter use.

Juneau, Alaska, Aug. 1887.

CULTIVATE THY GARDEN.

BY MAX PETTIGROVE.

So cultivate the garden of thy mind
That when thy life's work ended, thou art
Called to the great Creator, thou be praised
And not condemned as one of life's God;
That He will help thee, entertain no doubt;
Weed it with wisdom, water it with wit,
Sow it with love seeds—so thou may'st gather
A harvest that shall last thee all thy life.
Choose not the gaudy flowers that flatter thy
Heads

And kiss each breeze in idle, wanton play;
The flowers of the month fair to see, are fond
Both to the touch and taste; the senses shrink
Dismayed on near acquaintance. So believe,
And choose the humble, wholesome flowers of
Life,
Such flowers as mercy, prudence, charity,
Forgetting not the fainter flowers of love.
Truth may'st thou sow, but see thou weed'st
It well.

Faith above all forest not—'tis the best.
These having in thy garden thou wilt dwell
Beloved of God and man, the angels' care.

TESTED.

Adoniram Judson, the apostle of Burmah, graduated from Brown University an avowed infidel; his most intimate friend, a brilliant student, was also a skeptic. The two friends often talked over the question—momentous to one of the eye of graduation—
"What shall we do to make for ourselves a career?" Both were fond of the drama and delighted in the presentation of plays, each wrote with ease and skill, and so, after many discussions, they almost determined to become dramatists.

Judson graduated in 1807 with the highest honors. A few weeks later he went to New York to study the "business" of the stage, so that he might be familiar with its requirements in case he should become a play-writer. His dramatic project did not, however, retain him long in the city, and prompted by a love of adventure, he started on horseback to make a tour of two or three of the New England States. One evening he put up at a country tavern and was assigned a room adjoining one occupied by a young man sick unto death. The dying man's moans were distinctly heard by Judson, whose skepticism was not strong enough to keep him from musing on the question, "Is that young man prepared to die?" During the night the groans ceased, and early the next morning Judson arose, sought the landlord, and asked:—
"How is the young man?"
"He is dead."

"He had recently graduated from Brown, and his name was—"
Judson was stunned, for the name was that of his skeptical friend. Abandoning his journey, he returned to his father's house a dazed, stricken man. The shock unsettled skepticism. He determined to make a thorough examination of the claims of Christianity upon his faith and conduct. He entered Andover Theological Seminary, not as a student for the ministry, not even as a Christian, but simply as a truth-seeker. What he sought for he found in Him who is the truth. He found more—the life and the way. He submitted to the truth, received the life and walked in

the way with a martyr's spirit, and nigh often to the martyr's crown, until he heard the call, "Come up higher!" Then he departed from his earthly abode. He wrote no drama, but his life was a sublime spectacle. No crowds laughed at his wit or were thrilled at his delineation of human passion, but hundreds of men blessed him as their father in God.—*Youth's Companion*.

THE GLOAMING.

In fiery chariots of the west ascending
The day hath passed in triumph, Lord, to Thee;
Its fallen mantle glows, with twilight blending—
On the far, shadowy spaces of the sea.
It is towards evening; oft at noontide roaming—
Our hearts have met with Thee in sweet accord,
Now in the peace and leisure of the gloaming
Abide with us, O Lord!

The ocean like a dreamland child is sleeping,
Hushed in the hush of Thy mighty hand,
One star trembles in the west's keeping
Lone watch o'er all night's silent border-land.
Enter, dear Lord; our love is yet unbroken,
Our water shall be wine by Thee outpoured,
We yearn to hear Thy "Peace be with you" token;
Abide with us, O Lord.

Low murmurs through the seaward boughs are wafted
A breath of roses steals along the shore—
More calm, more sweet, Thy living words engraved
In our responsive hearts forevermore;
Yet more we crave, Oh, tarry in our leisure
And to the hunger of our souls afford
Thy love and joy in overflowing measure;
Abide with us, O Lord.

It is towards evening—soon from out the shadows
A deeper shadow on our brows must fall;
So soon the sun will set, the moon will rise,
The hour will come when we must leave them all.
Ah, leave us not with death alone to wander;
Let thine own hand unloose the silver cord;
Through midnight here, until the daybreak yonder,
Abide with us, O Lord!

—MARY BOWLES, in *Sunday at Home*.

The Little Folks.

MY AND MY.

BY ANNA B. WARNER.

[Author of "Three Little Spades," "Casper," "Sunday All the Week," etc., etc.]

CHAPTER IV.

You may notice generally in this world that the things which do no good do harm; and so it fell out with Daly's experiences at this time. He went to bed, to be sure, with ideas a good deal mixed up and confused; the kitten's rights and his own having got into a worse tangle than even the fishing line had done. But when the next morning dawned, clear and bright, and Daly's sleepy eyes began to open, a certain ugly spirit of self-will came into his room and took possession, and was not driven away. And so, instead of jumping up with a mind busy with better things, Daly lay still, and thought himself a very ill-used small boy indeed. Fity if he couldn't do what he liked with his own cat! At that rate there was no use in having anything. Ugly cat!—if she was a kitten—and Orphah just putting on all the cake; and mamma letting him. Yes, she rather enjoyed it, Daly felt sure.

The cat meanwhile, having long ago healed her suppers state by ways and means of her own, and having promptly forgotten all about it, had also, of course, entirely forgiven her young master for just the delay and then the loss of her milk; and having further had a peaceful night's rest curled up in the fragrant hay, and then taken the precaution to break her hair on a couple of mice, was now in peace and charity with all the world. And behold, up she came clambering to Daly's window. Hand over hand, paw beyond paw, with now and then a dexterous spring, by fence and railing and window ledge and trellis to the cherry tree, then up to one of its high boughs, and thence by an easy leap to the very sill of Daly's own particular window. There she sat, sunning herself, winking her green eyes, looking now out and now in. There were times when Daly gave her good welcome on that very spot. Orphah declared that the cat was often invited in, and that she and Daly had a great romp when he ought to have been getting ready for breakfast; and certainly a suspicious-looking small foot-print had more than once appeared on Daly's white quilt.

But this morning he lay still and scowled. "Take your old wet feet away!" he said; "mischievous enough they've done. The next time you get in here, I think you'll know it, and I, too, Scat!"

But the kitten, either hearing imperfectly through the window-pane, or else "minding her manners," however rude other people might be, only rose to her feet, threw up her tail, and purred, and rubbed against the glass. She might have taken the words as a compliment.

"Scat!" Daly called out again, so loud that puss, after a startled look into the room, bounded off into the cherry tree again.

"There! Now I suppose I can dress in peace and quiet," said Daly, as if the kitten had been a mountain in his way. He jumped up and threw the window wide open, and looked out. Every thing was very fair. The cherry-tree leaves, all wet with dew, were sparkling in the sun, with brown stems peeping out here and there, and branches of plump cherries already showing faint tinges of red; but no white kitten sat among them. Daly leaned out of the window, looking down. All the world seemed asleep. No, two robins were building their nest on an outstretched limb of the great elm at the corner, but they had sung their morning song long ago, and were now busy and silent. Asleep? No, indeed! For there went the clang of the rousing bell at that very moment, sounding upstairs from the hall below; and as if that were not enough, Katy next stepped out of the door and rang

it over again, right under Daly's window.

"If that don't wake ye, thin ye can just slape," she said contentedly.

"Katy!" Daly shouted from his lookout.

"Sure an' I thought that would fetch ye," said Katy, stepping off to look up, and shading her eyes with her hand.

"What is it, thin? Be quick, dear—with the breakfast on me hands."

"Don't you ever ring that bell under my window again!" said Daly with emphasis.

"Is it the bell? An' why wouldn't I, thin? Widout ye're wakened, ye'll get no breakfast."

"I was awake."

"Oh, was ye so? Then it's like the bell didn't hurt ye much," said Katy with a laugh, marching back into the kitchen. I believe Daly could have pinched her fat arms with pleasure just then. But Katy was far beyond his reach, and undoubtedly had right on her side. There was the breakfast hurrying on in the kitchen, and there was he upstairs, without even a pretence of being ready.

Meantime the pussy cat, hearing the talk from some unseen corner, and thinking perhaps that her soft ways might be welcome, once more mounted the cherry tree, and presented herself at Daly's window, gently rubbing against the pane, as before, and mewling to be let in. For the window was down again. Daly eyed her from his washstand.

"You will come in, hey?" he said, stepping to the window and opening it with a jerk. And puss, lightly springing to the floor, began at once to rub against her young master's legs and to purr melodiously.

Daly, however, was in no mood for blandishments. He kicked and flung his feet about, and puss frolicked and flew as successfully as she had done the night before, whirling her tail round Daly's bare ankles, and sticking her claws into his unprotected foot. For Daly was just at that stage of affairs when one stocking is on and one off; and do what he would, he could not kick at the kitten with both feet at once. Then began a furious chase round the room; and to look at it, you would have thought Daly was an exercise master, putting puss through her antics. Such fun—to the kitten! She danced easily along, taking everything that came in her way; up on the dressing table, over the bed, under the washstand, while Daly was obliged to turn out for such little obstructions. He tripped himself up, too, which puss never did; stumbled over the rug, hit his shins against the closet door, and finally fell flat over his own shoes, which ought to have been on his feet.

Now I must note it down, to the credit of the cat, that the minute he stopped, she stopped, seeming to take advantage. She did not fly upon Daly's back and scratch him, nor even pat and pull his hair, just then within easy reach, but calmly seated herself on the bureau and surveyed him with a face of grave concern. Why anybody should ever tumble down over anything in such a simple way, was, of course, very perplexing; but when Daly, getting on his feet once more, made a rush at her that was undoubtedly personal, the kitten probably felt that things may be too strange to be pleasant. She passed easily from the bureau to a chair, and from thence to the washstand, and from that to another chair by the window, and once on the window-sill gave a light bound out to the cherry tree again, and scrambled hastily down out of sight.

Daly shouted after her with all his might, and clapped his hands and pounded on the window-sill; but puss did not stop to listen. Why waste time on an angry boy? Once safe at the foot of the tree, she walked dexterously off to a sunny spot of green grass, sat herself down there, and dozed, awaiting her breakfast.

"O you dear little kitty!" cried Orphah, running out from the house. "You sweet, soft, darling little puss!"

"Let her be!" shouted Daly from his window. "She's my cat—horrid old thing! You just leave her alone."

"A horrid old thing!" cried Orphah, in her turn. "Why, Daly, she's beautiful! She's just as pretty as she can be. O Daly, if you don't like her, will you give her to me? Dear little puss! Nice little puss!"

"No, I won't," said Daly; "and you just keep your hands off her. She's my cat, and she's horrid! And I won't give her to anybody, and I won't let anybody stroke her. She's a bad cat. And if you don't let her alone, I shan't ever be ready for breakfast!"

"Oh! Oh!" cried Orphah, laughing. "With muffins coming? I think you'll be ready, sometime." And Orphah drew the cat's long tail fondly through her fingers, and the cat winked and purred.

"Let her alone, I say," repeated Daly, but all at once beginning to make great haste with his dressing.

"She likes it," said Orphah contentedly.

"I don't care what she likes," cried Daly. "She's my cat!"

Orphah and the cat both looked rather startled at this outburst. Orphah rose up and went into the house, and the kitten slipped away behind the curtain bushes to parts unknown. Daly gave up fighting his upright looks of hair, tied his shoes, and ran downstairs; and for the time gave his whole attention to muffins.

[To be continued.]

ABOUT WOMEN.

—Twelve women do Inspector's duty in the New York Custom House.

—The women of Nebraska have planted 50,000 trees during the last three years.

—By the will of the late David Dickson, of Georgia, Amanda Eubanks is the richest colored woman in America.

—Miss Mary Browne is "foreman" of her father's printing office, the Miami Gazette.

—Annie Louise Cary is said to own the

complete collection of music which the poet Gray devoted a lifetime in gathering.

—Women artists were admitted to the Royal Academy only fifteen years ago. At the last exhibition 242 out of the 1,900 exhibits were by women.

—Recently at a social gathering given in her honor Mrs. Cleveland declined to take wine, accepting apollinaris water as a substitute.

—There are in New York city half a dozen or so make incomes of about \$10,000 a year.

—Mary Curran, of the junior class of Dickinson College, carried off the gold medal for oratory.

—Miss Nielson, the first Danish lady physician, has just begun to practice at Copenhagen. She took her degree with the highest honors.

—In Massachusetts there are more than two hundred thousand women who own their support, by work outside of their own homes, at less than one-half the average rate of wages paid to men.—*Woman's Journal*.

—Dr. Juliet Monroe Thorpe, daughter of Ohio's president of the W. C. T. U., Mrs. Henrietta L. Monroe, has been elected to the faculty of the Ohio Medical College, at Cincinnati.

—Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe, author of "Carfax Must Not Ring To-night," is to remove from San Antonio, Tex., to San Diego, Cal., which city she will hereafter make her home.

—Mme. Trelet has left nearly all her property, about \$400,000, to the Paris municipality to found a school for the training of girls in household duties.

—Miss Churchill, the author of "My Girls," is private secretary of a New England railroad. She is a woman with more than one idea.

—The movement to organize the working-women of Boston, inaugurated by the Boston Woman Suffrage League, took shape on Thursday evening, August 18, in a public meeting at Wells Memorial Hall, under the auspices of the Central Labor Union.—*Woman's Journal*.

—The Meadville Theological Seminary has conferred the degree of Bachelor of Arts upon Miss Marian Muldock, pastor of the Humboldt (Kan.) Unitarian church. She is thirty-three years of age.

—The beautiful fiancée of Sir Salar Jung, only fifteen years of age, is a brilliant young woman, deeply interested in the woman's emancipation cause in her country, and likely to be useful in its promotion.

—Mrs. Isabella Prince, of San Francisco, has been engaged to go to Tokio, to teach the Japanese ladies of rank household science as it is practiced in the United States.

—Mrs. Gladstone is described as a very amiable, graceful-looking lady, with iron-gray hair, thick and abundant, brushed down over her ears. She has good color, regular features, and clear blue-gray eyes, in which any one may read her sincere admiration for her husband if she is watching him on any public occasion or conversing about him in private.

—Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke says American women don't know how to live. If they want health, she writes, let them learn to live in fresh air—open their windows, wear flannel nightgowns and take a jug of hot water to bed if they are cold, but never sleep with closed windows; and air all their clothes and their room daily; eat simple, wholesome food, wear boneless waists and button their skirts on them, and take the heels off their boots. Then, she argues, they will be rosy, happy, healthy, and a comfort to everybody as well as themselves.

MY LOVE.

Not as all other women
Is she that to my soul is dear;
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening star,
And yet her heart is very near.

Great feelings bath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know;
God gifted her to be his own,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherever the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot,
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And gives happiness or peace,
Is low esteemed in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things;
And, though she seems of other birth,
Round to her heart comes and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is; God made her so;
And needs of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow;
No harsh she ever change to know
That angst were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereto
Her life doth rightly harmonize;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Uncloaked heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman—one in whom
The spring-time of her childhood years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many brights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by higher tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie;
It flows around them, and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green—
Sweet homes wherein to die.

—James R. Lovell.

Where He Had the Ring.

The ceremony preceded along smooth and proper till Hamibal undertook to find the ring to put on my finger. Then there was trouble. He fumbled fast in one pocket, then another, took out a cigar, a penknife, a horsehair nut that he always carries for rheumatism and several other things—took 'em out to a time, looked at 'em thoughtful and inquiring and put 'em back again. Finally he dove into some place and took out a little wad of paper and all our spirits revived. That looked more like it, but when he opened it, out rolled a dozen or more sugar-coated pills on to the floor! He let 'em roll and cried again. This time he fished out a small card that "peared ter have some writin' on it. (I found out afterward that he'd writ down on that card where he put the ring, for fear he'd forget, just as he had.) When he'd read the card what did he do but stoop over deliberate and pull off one o' 'em dreftful dozes and shake the ring out o' the one! Then he put his boot back on, and straightened himself up as calm as if it was customary and common for bride-

grooms to carry the ring in the toe of their boots, and takin' my hand, slipped the ring on to my finger as graceful as you please.—*American Magazine*.

Miscellany.

TRINKET TALK.
This morning, in an elevated car, I found myself beside an acquaintance who has some pretence to social position. Her slim figure

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try the ring in the toe of
I, takin' my hand, slipped
my finger as graceful as
American Magazine.

scellany.

LE.

g, in an elevated car, I
beside an acquaintance
pretence to social pos-
figure was encircled by
40 little chains. At the
chain was a trinket. We
about them, and I looked
she chatted about the
very one. There were 40
a latch key, pen-holder
te, skating medal, button
ver, but no box, a cork-
tue emblem, a catelaine
l oxidized iron parasol
opened, became a fan,
she had killed a bear
a lock, a card-case, a
a compass, a small figure,
odd trinkets of every
shape, and a double-bar-
le.

you collect them all?"

re," said she with a shrug,
and then troublesomely
"I'm vastly useful."

ely subjects of conversa-
ion are a little stupid in
she said, sweetly.—*San
mont.*

ERUSALEM.

have washed their cloths
sunder's ruffled fires,
only deaden the flames,
be golden ages of
Jerusalem.

ur path and sterile,
from pain and peril
many a flashing gem,
solitude and berry
New Jerusalem.

my heart beats faster,
ascended Master,
thine garments' hem
in lowliness, thy
L. Bates, in Independent.

OF LICHENS AND MOSSES.

mosses! how of these?
the first mercy of the
with hushed softness its
creatures full of pity,
strange and tender hom-
grace of ruin—laying
the trembling stones, to
st. No words that I know
that these mosses are
ate enough, none perfect
rich enough. They will
in lowliness, they neither
the make its nest, and its
sills pillow. Yet as in one
blest, in another they are
sored of the earth's chil-
of the unpassioned
not pine in frost. To
ngered, constant-hearted,
the weaving of the dark
ries of the hills. Sharing
the unpassioned
here also its endurance;
winds of departing spring
white hawthorn blossoms
and, summer dimes on
meadow the drooping of
the silver lichen-spots rest
the stone, and the gather-
up upon the edge of yon-
ek reflects the sunsets of
ars.—*John Ruskin.*

OUT THE BRAIN.

ole surgical operation was
the meeting of the British
ciation, held August 13, by
seley, of the Bloomsbury
pital for the Paralyzed,
the patient was treated for
was decided that his skull
ened in order that the
ation might be removed.
point should the opening
as it possible for the phy-
e accurately the position
growth before the sur-
begin his work? A spot on
as pointed out, although
external indications by
physician could be guided or
that spot the skull was
ere a tumor was found in-
a portion of the brain sur-
was removed. The cause
having been taken away
ceased to be an epileptic
operation was performed on
both the head and the
and the severity of his fit
creasing. When he was ex-
righ, one month after
the fits had not returned,
the skull should be re-
diched solely by the
patient's fits began in
the attending physician
at the region among the
movements of the
cles was irritated by some-
what should be removed.
he what part of the skull that
rain surface could be re-
out, but that part of the brain
removed the bony cover-
was revealed and taken
Times.

FOR THE KAISER.

or displayed great late-
working of the steam han-
Krupp took the oppor-
eaking in high praises of
an who had special charge

an has a sure eye," he said,
out the falling hammer at
that hammer might be placed
without fear and he would
hammer within a hair's breadth

Down came the emperor, "but
try," said the emperor, "but
he laid it, a splendid speci-
richly set with brilliant
Down came the emperor, with his
lever, stopped it just the
hand it back the emperor
erman, keep the watch in
an interesting moment,"
embarrassed, stood
retched hand, not knowing
Krupp came forward and
atch, saying, "I'll keep it for
are afraid to take it from
Vienna Paper."

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

—In America there are now about thirty successful hospitals for inebriates.

—Several unsuccessful attempts have been made lately to assassinate prominent prohibitionists at Belvidere, N. J.

—Out of twenty young men who competed for a West Point cadetship at Westfield, Mass., ten were rejected by the physician because they had "the tobacco heart," brought on by cigarette-smoking. They were unfit for West Point service.

—In response to an appeal of the W. C. T. U., the managers of the New York State Fair have decided that no privileges for the sale of intoxicating liquors on their grounds shall be granted.

—Alex. Walker, the colored prohibitionist speaker, who was recently set upon and badly beaten and mangled by being thrown against a wire fence soon after he had made a speech at Prairie Grove, near Webberville, Texas, has died from the effects of his injuries. His friends claim that he was beaten by anti-prohibitionists, but it is not known who his assailants were.

—Beer-brewers in America employ an army of half a million of men; they have invested a quarter of a billion of dollars in their business, and they sell about one hundred and eighty million gallons of beer a year.

—The colleges of Michigan are overwhelmingly prohibition in sentiment. Kalamazoo took a vote of 105 for prohibition to one against it; at Ypsilanti Business College two-thirds of the students are for prohibition; the State University at Adrian has a prohibition club of 200 members; Hillsdale College a club of seventy and the State Normal, sixty; Albion College has a club of fifty, while the Agricultural College Prohibition Club has 100 members.

—The activity of the prohibitionists in Dakota is the occasion of growing alarm among the liquor men in the cities, particularly at Fargo, where it is thought that the vote of the country will overwhelm that of the city in November and establish prohibition. Fargo has forty saloons and \$250,000 are invested there in breweries and the wholesale liquor trade.

—A peculiar liquor law is in force in Rockdale County, Ga. Only one person in the county is allowed to sell liquor. He is appointed by the grand jury to sell for medicinal purposes, and cannot keep more than ten gallons of spirits at one time.

FROM HERE AND THERE.

—Prof. Victor asserts that 100,000,000 people have died and died in America before Columbus' discovery.

—The New York city directory, just issued, contains 324,813 names, indicating a population of 1,600,000.

—The eggs of a single sturgeon, counted by Frank Buckland, numbered 21,000, and weighed 45 pounds.

—There are now nearly one hundred steamboats on the battle-field of Gettysburg, costing \$300 to \$4,000 each.

—Buffalo business men are trying to raise \$100,000 to be offered as a prize for the best device for utilizing the water-power of Niagara River.

—Out of over 20,000 railroad men in Alabama, it is estimated that 3,000 will be forced to give up their positions under the new law regarding color blindness.

—The people vote in Oregon on the Prohibition Amendment on the 8th of November next. The question is to be decided at a special election on its own merits.

—The royal plate belonging to the British Crown is kept in two strong rooms of Windsor Castle. If it should ever be sold it would "pan out" about \$100,000.

—A thousand tons of coal are burned by the Cunard Atlantic steamers every day in the year. The exact total for the twelve months is 356,704 tons.

—The total gold now held in European banks is reported to be \$206,200,000 or over three million more than at the same time last year.

—Records of Pasteur Institute show that since the adoption of the new treatment for hydrophobia cases the number of deaths of persons bitten has decreased from sixteen per cent. to 1.34 per cent.

—There are seventy-six guilds in London endowed by wealthy benefactors for the benefit of the different trades. The annual income of these endowments amounts to \$1,000,000.

—Reubrandt's famous etching of "Christ Healing the Sick" has been bought by the British Museum for \$6,000. There are but eight impressions of this etching in existence, and the last, which came on the market in 1857, brought \$9,400.

—Alfred Krupp bequeathed \$250,000 for the benefit of employes. His son Friedrich has added \$125,000 to the amount for the people of Essen. The town council of Essen has voted \$15,000 for a statue of Krupp.

—Electricity under favorable circumstances has been found to travel at the rate of 288,000 miles per second.

—Twenty-five thousand and thirty-seven locomotives in the United States killed 1,426 railroad employes the past year, and wounded 6,548. Nearly one-half these accidents occurred in coupling cars.

—Recent delicate scientific experiments have discovered the fact that the surface of the land is never absolutely at rest for more than thirty hours at a time. Thus, those great earthquakes which make epochs in history are merely extreme cases of forces that seldom sleep.

—The fibre of silk is the longest continuous fibre known. An ordinary cocoon of a well-fed silk worm will often reel 1,000 yards, and reliable accounts are given of a cocoon yielding 1,265 yards, or a fibre nearly three-quarters of a mile in length.

—The death has been recorded of William Fawcett, father of the late Prof. Henry Faw

